

British Columbia Missions

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BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Rev. J. B. Good, whose work among the Indians on the Thompson River has been fully described in these pages, writes thus on Oct. 3d:—

"I want to express to all and every one of my friends of the 'CHRONICLES,' my deepest sense of obligation for the valuable assistance they have given my Mission in general. . . . I am happy to say our Mission here is thriving and making rapid strides. In three weeks from now I hope to marry some eighty couples of our baptised converts."

He goes on to rejoice in New Westminster having acquired a Bishop of its own as likely to give

a great impetus to the work, but adds that the redistribution of the grants from home societies, consequent on the division of the diocese into three sees, has, in the meantime, brought upon the clergy a considerable reduction of their scanty stipends.

"I am in great need of a warm cassock for winter use. Do you think any one would send me one? I expect to print soon the Marriage and Burial Services and Church Catechism, also a small vocabulary and grammar of the Thompson tongue. My native assistant, Simon Nalee, is simply invaluable—one in a thousand; he deserves to be warmly encouraged from home."

He ends his letter by saying:—

"Wanted *urgently* for the S. Paul's Mission, Lytton, a large Chalice, Paten, and other altar requisites, including Altar-Cloth, but not linen, which we have. We already have 140 communicants on our list, and expect soon to have 200."

It is pleasant to be able to say that the Cassock, Altar-Cloth, and vessels, have been provided and sent off. The Epiron will be happy to make known other wants to any one who inquires.

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A LETTER FROM THE REV. J. B. GOOD.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—I now sit down in earnest to address, through your agency, all who can be induced to attend to a statement of our affairs, with the hope and prayer that I may succeed in enlisting a widespread, intelligent, and sympathetic interest in our present condition and prospects, and, what is of more importance, secure the confidence of those who are anxious to assist us, in that we are seen to be pursuing a course that commands itself to their judgment and approval, both as citizens of the world, as well as of "the holy Church throughout the world."

We would fain have our Mission regarded as under theegis of your Association, and that we should glean

something more than the crumbs which fall from your well-appointed table. We would be adopted, cherished, and succoured, and draw from you not only contributions, and friendly helpful words, but that you should send us volunteers supplied with means for undertaking and carrying out what, owing to our private as well as official obligations, we could not attempt.

Your many readers and co-workers are all aware that this hitherto unwidely and impracticable Diocese has lately been divided into three portions; and that we of the mainland portion, whose work lies along the Fraser and Thompson routes, are soon to enjoy the active supervision of the recently-appointed Bishop of New

Westminster, who is now so energetically endeavouring to come out rightly equipped for the arduous duties that await his arrival here.

You will see that his lordship rightly regards our Mission at Yale and Lytton as the pivot of attraction, and around which his most hopeful charge will, as it were, turn. It is for an increase of labourers in this portion of his Diocese he most urgently appeals, and the Church of Scotland can do much to second his endeavours.

It would seem, therefore, a fitting time to review our ground of action, and I should wish this to be regarded also as an apology or vindication of my own many years' devotion in this part of the great Master's vineyard, both as to what I have and have not done or attempted to do, since that cry of a whole nation reached us, twelve years ago, after a year's occupation of Yale (our again present headquarters) from Lytton, "Come over and help us." The manner of our entering in upon the work which God so manifestly called us to engage in there, has been graphically told in successive papers, published in the 'Chronicle' by my old, much-beloved, and revered friend and former fellow-worker, the Rev. R. J. Dundas. What, however, could not well be told, was my own private difficulty and embarrassment in responding to that call.

Five years' and more labour at Nanaimo, from the autumn of 1860, where the successful accomplishment of building Parsonage, School, Mission Chapel, both there and at Comox, and furnishing and providing the help needed for utilising the same, entailed a heavy responsibility on us, the effect of which I still even feel, for it crippled my income for years. We had, also, on volunteering for work on the mainland in 1866, already four children living out of five that had been born to us since reaching this colony. And before removing my family from Lytton in 1875, six more had been added, of whom four remain, so that eight olive branches still flourish about our table.

It is very necessary, too, that persons at home should realise the cost of living, the cost of removal, of labour, furniture, building, in the inter-

rior of a gold colony, in order that they may understand what was involved in carrying out single-handed the work that was so remarkably forced upon us, though I had the most lively apprehension of what it all involved from the first.

Flour, for the first year of our residence at Lytton, sold at \$4 per 200 lb.; sugar, \$4 per 100 lb.; coal-oil, \$2 per 5-gallon tin; rough lumber, \$10 per 1000 feet; nails, \$4 per 100 lb. cask; labour, per day (white) 12s. to 20s., Indian, 4d. to 6d. A cook's wages, \$4 per month; a nurse, \$4 per week; and everything else in proportion.

Then the house, formerly a wayside boarding-place, in which we sheltered ourselves for the first three years, would not have been considered by you good enough for a barn or stable; and in the winter, which is occasionally Siberian for severity, we were simply frozen. Fuel sold too, as it does to this day, at \$1 per cord; and many times it was impossible to buy it at any price. When at last we removed to a new building on a Mission site outside the town, we found that, through having to use some old material in its construction, it was inhabited by unmentionable pests, which destroyed all our furniture, and compelled us eventually to take it down, upon which my family at a great sacrifice, were brought to Victoria, where, for purposes of education, we still reside.

So much for our personal history, which at this day I most unwillingly repeat; but when it is objected that whatever the moral and spiritual effect of our work may have been, the material aspect of the Mission is most distressing, we reply, "Is there not heartening, we reply, 'Is there not cause?' And so, again, when we are challenged to show our Industrial Training Schools, our well-kept Mission Stations, and outward evidences of thriving growth and progress, we are bound to explain why we so lamentably fall short under this head, so far as Lytton specially is concerned. From the first, however, it was an under-wood principle that the social and material should be strictly subordinated to the moral and spiritual. The Word, the Church, the Spirit, were to be our mainstay and lives;

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powers, and when a right foundation had been laid, all other things would follow in due time.

Consider next the topographical condition of the native inhabitants who called us to come and help them. The Thompson or Nitlakapamuk nation consists of twenty-five villages which dot a mountainous range of countries following the courses of the Fraser, Thompson, and Nicola valleys, of over two hundred miles in length. Their central rendezvous is Lytton, at the junction of the Fraser and Thompson rivers, fifty-seven miles above Yale, which is the head of navigation of the lower Fraser. In assembling at Lytton from all points of these local habitations, they had for the most part to travel long distances; and for years many of our people have walked to Church distances of over forty miles, have lived on scanty fare, often slept in hunger and nakedness beneath the rudest shelter, and have answered to the call, "Come and worship," at all seasons of the year. They continue to live in the same villages to this day.

The land question, which was for years a sore point, has been settled in their favour. Christian and heathen dwell side by side; but the heathen has so spread that all the grosser features of heathenism have disappeared, and the mere horrors of the Word would to-day as little think of being neglectful of the outer man as those who have professedly engaged to live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world.

Now, it is to be carefully understood that it is a part of the distinct Indian policy of this province to leave the Indian in the undisturbed possession of his ancestral rights. There is no attempt to dig up and transplant, as has been done elsewhere; and moreover, since the great trunk road, over which passes all the freight for the upper gold-fields and for the pastoral regions beyond, runs throughout our tribal district, the villages I have mentioned share in the general enterprise of the country; and besides their own farming operations, our native population are as busily employed as their white neighbours in remunerative occupations. Indeed, there are very few Indian youths between fourteen

and twenty years of age, who do not earn from two to as much as ten pounds sterling per month; during the open season of the year.

These villages, since my first commencement of work in their district, are all completely transformed. Hundreds of neat houses now grace their naturally picturesque sites; the people are well-fed, well-clothed, happy, orderly, and contented. Troops of healthy children are playing around their doors; and in the greater number of houses as many conveniences and comforts are to be found as would be seen in half the poorer cottages of England or Scotland.

A Mission Chapel, erected by their own labour and skill, may be seen adorning these hordes of once savage men and women; and the voice of prayer and the sound of sacred melody may be heard throughout the land, where a few years ago the war-whoop and the wail of despair rent the air with their murderous or doleful cry.

It is not so easy now to assemble the people at one point as formerly, since they have so much more to leave behind them. Hence it is a great joy to me that the difficult work of organising them throughout their nationality has already been effected. All their chiefs, with, I think, a single exception, are baptised Christians—and even the one exception has, for years, been enrolled amongst our catechumens. The Christian watchmen, that have charge of our interests, do their work faithfully and well, for the most part—and anything like drunkenness or crime is of the rarest occurrence; whilst gambling and fornication have, with all their attendant unmentionable miseries, been marvelously subdued and restrained. Thus quietly from centre to circumference, the light of truth, of purity, and brotherly kindness has spread, and enlightened, and cleansed, and elevated. The whole face of society has been changed for the better; and they are thus, as a people, "prepared for the Lord."

What remains now is to make our centre strong materially, seeing it has accomplished to a great degree its primary object.

Having given the best years of my

life to breaking up the fallow ground, and sowing broadcast the seed of the Word of God, and having thus "planted the Mission," the process of watering, of maintaining and developing must be undertaken by others as well as myself. And for this end, we must have earnest men, and devoted women, and indispensable gold and silver, in order that substantial buildings may be erected in a confessedly dear country: £1000 sterling would suffice to put things on a satisfactory footing at Lytton—provided also that a staff of workers be ready to occupy the same, and carry on the work of training the young, healing the sick, teaching useful arts, and maintaining the order, discipline, and services of our branch of Christ's holy, catholic Church, for Christ's sake. My headquarters is now fixed at Yale: thither, as soon as possible, I hope to remove my household; though at present it will, I trust, be the associated home for a fellow-helper soon to join us from England—as also, possibly, of the Bishop, till he has time to fix his permanent residence. But I need not say my heart is set upon seeing Lytton made the brightest spot in our Church's sphere of occupation. Thither I joyfully wend my way on my arduous itineraries throughout the year. The desire of my heart is to hear that certain at home, able and ready prepared, have "willingly offered themselves" and theirs to undertake what I have shown lies ready to their hands. Here we have a native catechist of rare ability—a band of auxiliaries anxious to do our bidding—a people glad to be taught—a government both federal and local, not indisposed to supplement our efforts—a liturgy in their own tongue, with Offices for solemnisation of marriage, visitation of the sick, and burial of the dead,—that will enable us to perform all the holy functions of our ministry with readiness and solemnity; and it will be seen also that we shall need abundance of help from those at home to sustain the work undertaken by those whom they may send forth or resolve to uphold. Mission boxes, &c., can be sold to great advantage on the spot. We have a Bishop who will direct all our under-

taking; and to him I would refer all who wish to aid us in the glorious future that I am persuaded awaits us. Should also any of your readers, from what I have so imperfectly written, be moved to send me privately sympathetic help, so that I may be wholly freed from past engagements, to go forward unburdened by worldly care, they may rest assured they will be most effectually helping on what we all have so much at heart; for then, instead of being as it were, handicapped, burdened, and wearied with the sense of obligations that cannot be discharged—oh, the sense of relief!—of going forth free, relieved from all indebtedness, save that we owe to those who remembered us in our troubles—helped us when to do so was to be our friend indeed!

Finally, may a bond of true union and fellowship be established between us here, who are often literally in the tented field in the wilderness, and those who remain by the stuff. And let it be remembered it will be in vain to inquire why is not this and this done, unless you give us "straw for making our bricks,"—and men and women, too, who will prove themselves in no sense "men of straw." An extract from a "Church Times" (*O. A. S. Chronicle*) expresses admirably what I mean:—

"What is wanted here is more heart and zeal, even if somewhat irregular in matter. You can't make a stately city spring at once out of a wilderness, with paths, buildings and railway system complete. Rough log cabins and trucks of any sort must precede such development, and the pioneers must be people who will take off their coats and work hard. The people here are simply dead to religion, and the ordinary humdrum person is worse than useless for them. Let me send them a man. I don't care whether he be like Pennycuik of Salisbury Park, Stanton of St. Allan's, or Kingsley of Everton, only let him be some one who can waken these corpse men."

"What in the world can it matter when the question is between God and God? whether the missionary does his chief work in a chasuble, a black gown, or a shooting jacket? And why should he hope to promote the man who does not work at all, or works sluggishly?"

in old ruts miles away from the trackless wastes whither the Gospel message needs to be carried!"

Let the Church at home awake to its own accountability for what is lacking in the Lord's great harvest-field abroad, and come to the help thereof against the mighty.

The *Chronicle* shall not henceforth complain, so far as I am concerned, of lack of matter for insertion. And I hope it will become in time our *Missionary Critic* as well as Record. It has in Bishop Calloway, whom it is bound to sustain, one of the noblest and best balanced minds of any I know engaged in Mission work in foreign lands.

I will close this long letter, for which I ask the favourable indulgence of my readers, as written under pressure of time, by an extract from our chief Colonial paper, taken from this morning's issue, in connection with my latest literary effort:—

"A REMARKABLE WORK."

"A work outlining the Ntllakapamuk or Thompson tongue (the Indian language spoken between Yale, Lillooet, Cache Creek and Nicola Lake), has just been issued from the S. Paul's Mission Press. It is edited by Rev. J. B. Good, S. P. C. M., a gentleman who has devoted the best part of his life to studying the language, habits, and characteristics of the red man, with the sole object of advancing him spiritually and temporally. That his task has been difficult we can

well understand; that it has been successful is proved by the interesting volume before us. The dictionary could only have been compiled after infinite care and research, and by mingling almost constantly with the savage tribes to reach the root of their tongue, so to speak, and reduce an unwritten language to intelligent form and shape.

"In many respects the *brochure* is remarkable. The care, the skill, the patience, the labour, its production has demanded could never have been bestowed from mercenary motives. The missionary's heart must have been in his work, else its accomplishment would have been impossible. With the aid of the little work before us no one would experience much difficulty in acquiring a knowledge of the Indian language; and future workers in the Ntllakapamuk vineyard will find that the Rev. Mr. Good has made the rugged path which he trod smooth for those who may come after him. Attached to the book is a phonetic Chinook dictionary, the most complete of the kind that we have seen. The editor is deserving of great praise for the successful effort he has put forth."

Commending myself and work to your readers and associates' prayerful sympathetic notice, and that we may all have our hearts more and more directed towards the love of God, the salvation of mankind, and union and fellowship one with another,—I am, with the deepest sense of obligation, yours most obliged and faithfully,
J. B. Good.

been realised, and she has suffered, as the colony has done, from the hardships which have beset the country during these twenty-one years, let us not talk of failure or of inadequate results, for the past thoughtfully considered, such language would be thankless, and greatly misapplied. Behind the glittering show of such cities as San Francisco and the like, there is a dark background of crime. Men making haste to be rich have indeed had their desire fulfilled; but who, reading of their unwholesome upgrowth and daring godlessness, can help thinking of other cities long ago whose cry waxed great before the Lord, yet for whom, in a future day of reckoning, it shall be more tolerable than for sinners against greater light and privileges. We can only glance at the troubles which have pressed upon the diocese of British Columbia, and regard them more as they have affected the Church than the social condition of the country. When Bishop Hills reached his new home and work early in 1860, he found himself with a staff of about six or seven clergy—two or three of whom had been there for several years in the employ of sundry missionary Societies—the rest were new-comers, who had expressly offered themselves for work under the Bishop. The rush of immigrants to the gold diggings was a sore strain on these feeble resources in a country so rugged, and of such vast extent. The Missionary Oblates have told the story in past numbers of the arduous labours of the Bishop and others in carrying the Word of Life into its wildest and most distant recesses, where, among white men of every nationality as ignorant and lawless often as the wild Indians of the land, they preached and ministered for weeks together, sowing the seed which they could never hope to garner; but which, perhaps, since then, has been brought home in other reapers' sheaves—and we need not repeat it here. To what purpose was the waste? some may ask. The clergy who went on these toilsome expeditions could ill be spared from other work of a more promising kind—there are no permanent visible results to point to. What was the good? We cannot tell. But this is worth

rethinking: When the "gold-fever" set in in British Columbia, the quiet and orderly settlers turned sick at heart at the thought of what was within very recent recollection—the horrors enacted in California and in the gold-fields of Australia, when lawlessness and utter brutality of every description held undisputed sway. But in our own young colony the Legislature, even with small means at command, was always able to enforce respect for order; and it was over and over again observed that no other country had ever passed through a like crisis, with such a notable absence of crime of every kind. The clergy met with plenty of indifference and ignorance, but never with serious opposition, and often with instances of cordial hospitality, rude kindness, and sometimes with genuine gratitude for their ministrations. Were not these and the general good order which prevailed, God's blessing, direct and indirect, upon their work, however apparently unfruitful? The hopes that the wealth gained in the country would be spent there in developing its material resources by a more settled class of inhabitants, were disappointed: the temporary rush passed away, and the colony had to struggle through a long period of financial depression and difficulty in which the Church, of course, suffered much in her material prosperity. Partly from want of funds, partly from the moving away of population, ground which had been occupied had in several cases to be abandoned, and many openings for work passed by for lack of men and means. The political machinery, too, has not always worked smoothly: the existence of two distinct legislative Assemblies has served rather to disserve the interests of the Island and the Mainland colony. There have been rubs between them and the Canadian and American Governments, and the progress of the country has been retarded, perhaps, by irritations and jealousies thus engendered. Worst of all, for the interests of the Church, there has been one of those unhappy schisms which arise so easily wherever adhesion to her is nothing more than the adhesion, by chance or by choice, to one among many sects,—not founded

CHURCH AFFAIRS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

WE have received two interesting accounts of Church affairs in the Far West of America, contained in the Twenty-first Report of the Columbia Mission and the First Report of the New Westminster Diocese. These two fields of Mission work are only separated from each other by a narrow strait of sea. How comes the Church in one of them to be apparently at such a different stage of life as the titles of these Reports seem to imply? If our readers remember anything of some interesting papers which have appeared from time to time in these pages, they will understand the significance of the names; but for the benefit of others who have had no such opportunity of informing themselves, and of the numerous class who seem to hear only to forget as fast as possible, we shall, before proceeding to make extracts, go over some ground which ought to be familiar.

Twenty-two years ago, by the munificence of a private individual—Lady Burdett Coutts,—Vancouver Island and the adjacent British territory on the mainland became a diocese, with an endowment for the maintenance of a Bishop. A somewhat acrimonious dispute with the United States Government concerning rights and boundaries was approaching a settlement; the expiry of the charter of one of the great Fur-trading Companies, with its claim of monopoly and its exclusive jealousies, was throwing open the country to general enterprise. Other circumstances there were, too,—especially the discovery of gold—which combined to fix attention upon what was then "Britain's youngest colony," and to anticipate for it such a rush of fortune and progress as has been witnessed in the case of San Francisco, of Denver, and Colorado. It was a noble act to plant the Church's system in its integrity thus early in the soil; and though these bright prophecies have not

upon an intelligent acquaintance with her real claims and principles. The originator in this case was one of these clergy who ministered to a congregation in Victoria for some years before the founding of the See, who, being offended at some (possibly indiscreet) teaching of a brother clergyman, chose to take upon himself the Bishop's office of censure, and then to quarrel with his diocesan for refusing to treat the matter with the severity that he considered necessary—renouncing his allegiance, and throwing in his lot with a set of separatists from the American Church on some equally frivolous plea, among whom he has since been made a bishop. What meaning can possibly be attached to the prayer, "From heresy and schism, good Lord deliver us," by men who can, on such insufficient grounds, add to the miserable divisions of Christendom!

Yet "the moon above, the Church below," hold on their steadfast course, undismayed by the clouds which drift over them and seem to quench their light. In 1878, after long experience of the work and its necessities, the Bishop and Synod came to the resolution to use every effort for the diffusion of the unwieldy diocese. It was his opinion that the work of episcopal oversight would be simplified and made more real thereby, and that the Church would be strengthened by becoming a Province on the Pacific coast, especially as the progress of the country seemed tending towards a closer union with the Dominion of Canada, which may one day concern Church as well as civil affairs. So, on coming home that year to attend the Anglican Conference of Bishops at Lambeth, he set himself with his wonted energy to carry out the resolution. The task was not an easy one, but it was accomplished at last, and he was able to meet his clergy once more in Synod on August 5, 1880, and congratulate them on the realisation of his and their hopes, to call upon them to rejoice in "more effective ministrations, and in the prospect of a considerable increase of clergy." The jurisdiction of Bishop Mills is now confined to Vancouver Island and some of the smaller adjacent ones, and we believe that his successor will here-

after bear the territorial designation, though for the present the title of Columbia is retained. The mainland, the actual British Columbia, is divided into the dioceses of Caledonia and New Westminster respectively. The former has under his charge a scattered population of farmers, traders in furs, timber, and the interesting settlements of Canadian Indians at Metlakatla. Besides hundreds of their kindred still sunk in barbarism. Bishop Silince has the mainland capital of New Westminster as his headquarters, with other rising townships, and a considerable rural population in his care, together with the successful and important work among the Thompson River Indians under the Rev. J. B. Gould, of which accounts have frequently been given in this magazine. In his diocese his assembled clergy, the Bishop of Columbia spoke thus:—

"Although we meet as the synod of a less extended diocese, there is very much for us to do much more than the limited number of clergy and our limited resources can do. Work of a very interesting kind is before us, worthy of all our best thoughts, for the permanent organization of sound Christian education in colleges and schools, the more effective ministry of the Word and Sacraments in town and rural districts, and of a provincial synodical system through which, as a diocese, we may take counsel with our brethren the bishops, clergy, and lay of the other dioceses of the province, and more readily have intercourse with other branches of the Church."

Among the objects which the Bishop sets forward as of pressing importance were: 1. The keeping up of existing work. 2. The provision of seven additional clergy, three of them needed for work among the Indian tribes on the Island, and one as a missionary among the Chinese. 3. The erection of seven new churches in different places. 4. The building and endowment of Caledonia College and School. 5. The provision for the present decedent in the income of the See of New Westminster up to £8000. 6. The completion of the endowments of both the new dioceses up to £10,000 each. 7. The building of a Cathedral on Church Bay, Victoria.

The following extract from his Lordship's recent address gives a clear notion of the past and present condition of affairs:—

"When the Church is, as we hope, emerging into a state of more life and efficiency, it may not be out of place to review the past.

"There have been difficulties of no ordinary kind. Perhaps no new colony of the British Crown started under greater expectations of rapid progress. The gold discoveries in California had quickly peopled that Western State, and built up a magnificent city. It was thought, certainly, that under the British flag not less brilliant results would speedily follow the same discovery of gold in British Columbia; but not only did population refuse to come, in any considerable numbers, but many went away, and failure after failure characterised the speculations and enterprises of the colony.

"Naturally in temporal circumstances the Church suffered from the same causes. In addition, also, from the mixed character of the population, and a want of cohesion through varied nationality in those who availed themselves of our ministrations, there could not be obtained that steady support to our institutions which was essential to their existence, and which prevails in those colonies which draw their population direct and mostly from England. We had therefore to depend much upon help from home, from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and from friends of my own. After a time these sources began to fail; we were not in a position to stand alone, hence good work had to be dropped, and places once occupied to be abandoned. This was very trying, and in the effort to hold on as long as possible, hoping for better times, great anxiety and difficulties were experienced, from which we still are suffering.

"An affliction, too, fell upon the Church in an unholy and needless schism, with serious departure from the faith, and much bitterness was the necessary consequence.

"Yet, notwithstanding all difficulties, the Church of England here has held on her steady way, and is not without fruit. As the country in its material circumstances, in spite of difficulties, can give proof of growth, steady and substantial, as witnessed by the towns that have been built, the rural districts that have been settled, the gold regions that have been opened, the coal mines, the lumber mills, the fisheries that are in successful opera-

tion, the roads that have been made, the ships and steamers that ply in her ports and rivers, the increasing revenue, and now the commencement of the Pacific Railway and the graving dock; so the Church can point to the highway that has been made for our God amongst the native Indian tribes at Metlakatla, on the Thomson and Fraser, and in other places; to the churches and parsonages in all our towns, and in many rural districts; to Angela College, and the Collegiate School, from which many youths of both sexes have gone forth, and are doing well their part in life. We have kept up services uninterruptedly in Victoria, New Westminster, Nanaimo, Esquimalt, Cowichan, Comox, and other places; and the fortnightly services have been appreciated in Metchosin, Saanich, Chemainus, in Burrard Inlet, Sapperton, and elsewhere. We have an efficient Synod, and now the gratification of seeing an extension of the work in the division of the diocese, and the presence in their new spheres of the Bishops of Caledonia and New Westminster able to superintend the work better than ever it has been, and in a position to increase the number of their clergy, and bring the Gospel and ordinances of Christ to places and people hitherto destitute. So we have good cause to thank God and take courage."

On the subject of funds there seems to be cause for much anxiety. The incomes of the clergy, which are lamentably small, are derived from three sources—viz., the congregation and parish, the S.P.G., and the Mission Fund, raised among friends at home for the diocese. Only two of the parishes can be called self-supporting, and the rural districts at present have little in their power; and we regret to learn from the Report that the grant from the S.P.G. has been seriously reduced (partly, we presume, in consequence of the division of the diocese) from £560 to £350. This reduction, no doubt, takes place in accordance with rules, but it does seem a pity that these cannot take some cognisance of special circumstances, and continue to aid a British colony "still in the infancy of settlement, but certain to be the home of a numerous British population in days to come."

"Still," adds the Bishop, "we must accept the painful situation, and one thing is plain, that we must make

more strenuous efforts to help ourselves."

The address went on to speak of the formation in the future of the provincial system, and we shall give the extract in full, feeling certain that there are many Scottish and English Churchmen who need instruction on the subject quite as much as those of Vancouver can do; who would be greatly at a loss if asked to explain the system, or to give date and authority, and who may well be thankful for so lucid and terse a statement of what Churchmen ought to know. Ignorance on such points, as we have already observed, is not a light matter, and correct knowledge is a safeguard against schism and error.

"We have to consider the interesting and important subject of a Provincial Synod."

"Our resolution in 1878 was to the effect that it was desirable to subdivide the diocese into three, with a view to provincial organisation. This action was confirmed by the recommendation of the Lambeth Conference that all isolated dioceses should take steps to connect themselves with some province. This was the system of the Primitive Church. Very early the dioceses were grouped into provinces. We need do no more than refer to the great Council of Nicea in A.D. 325, the 6th Canon of which, in setting a difficulty that had arisen, begins by saying, 'Let the ancient customs prevail, and then decide each province or group of dioceses should retain its privileges. The point to be noted being that within 225 years of the death of S. John, the provincial system had been so long established that it was called an ancient custom.'

"The Council of Chalcedon, A.D. 451, directs that the Provincial Synods should be held regularly. These are two of the Councils accepted as of great authority in the Church of England. Our Church being a continuation of the ancient Catholic Church, has inherited this system, and extended it to the colonies. The following are the provinces and dioceses of the Home and Colonial Churches:—

Province.	Number of Dioceses.
Canterbury	28.
York	28.
Armagh	6.
Dublin	10.
Scotland	7.
Australia	12.

Province.	Number of Dioceses.
New Zealand	7.
South Africa	8.
India	6.
Canada	9.
Rupertland	4.

"There are 23 dioceses not yet associated in provinces."

"A Provincial Synod is in course of formation in the West Indies, and the Anglican Church of the United States has been considering the subject."

"The diocese is to the province in some respects what the Local Legislature is to the Federal Parliament. Delegates of clergy and laity are elected by the Diocesan Synods and meet triennially, or oftener if needed, with all the Bishops in Provincial Synod. For the regulations to be observed, and the subjects to be discussed, there are happily many precedents. These must be determined by the Provincial Synod itself. It is for us, as a Diocesan Synod, to consider at this session how we may best forward the formation of the higher Synod."

"It is obvious there are matters affecting equally all the dioceses of a locality which had best be dealt with by united action of all. For instance, the Status of the Clergy, the Discipline of Clergy and Laity, the appointment to Cures, acts of intercommunion with other branches of the Church, redress of evils common to all, a Court of Appeal from the decision of individual Bishops. Then the confirmation of Episcopal elections has always belonged to the province. There is more safeguard for the faith in an aggregation of dioceses. Mutual counsel of many is strength. The provincial system gives visibility of the Church in unity. The influence for good is increased by the united action of selected and official representatives of the Church. With us at present it must be the day of small things, but following the principles of the Church of Christ in all ages, and acting in accordance with the mind of our Mother Church of England, we may lay at least a good foundation which may not be found wanting when applied to the future circumstances of increased life and extended sphere of the Church of British Columbia."

We conclude our abstract of this report by some account of the Indian work on the Island Diocese. There has been a missionary of the C. M. S. at work among the Quenoch tribe for the last three years at Fort Rupert, a Hudson Bay Company's station, about 290 miles north of Victoria. The

being made to set the work once more on foot. A Missionary has recently been placed on Kuper Island, about 30 miles south of Nanaimo, among the Penelicut Indians; and there are Indian schools and services at Cowichan and Comox. On the west coast of Vancouver, along Nootka Sound, nothing is done for the Indians by any religious body, and the Bishop is most anxious to open a Mission among the five tribes who occupy a district there of about 120 miles in length. At Victoria itself, too, a once flourishing and greatly-needed Mission among the natives has had to be given up for want of funds; its re-establishment is solely needed to save the Indians who are constantly attracted there from the temptations of the town.

NEW WESTMINSTER.

We take up the First Report of this diocese, whose sixteen pages, dated 31st August 1879, full of information, testify to the activity which is likely to animate Bishop Sillitoe's diocese, he having only arrived at New Westminster on the 18th June previous. The voyage across the Atlantic was not devoid of peril from the quantity of ice encountered, "hundreds of acres of it ten and fifteen feet thick; and "icebergs—some little ones with smooth round tops, like hillocks; others enormous ones, with straight up cliff-like sides. One was fully two miles long, and at least two hundred feet high. Struggling and crashing, and frequently obliged to lie to, in company with four other big steamers and a perfect fleet of sailing vessels, the good ship ploughed her way through 140 miles of ice, nearly half of it fully twenty feet thick. Then came the railway journey across the continent to San Francisco (so expensive that heavy goods have still to be sent the long voyage of many months duration round Cape Horn), and thence by steamer again northward to Victoria in Vancouver;—the route to British Columbia will be shortened in a few years' time, when the Yale and Savanah Canadian Pacific Railway, now in course of construction, shall put the colony in direct communication with

Eastern Canada and its Atlantic ports. After a day or two spent at Victoria, the Bishop and Mrs Sillitoe proceeded by steamer up the noble Fraser river to New Westminster. Twenty years ago the place was almost uncleared forest, and its streets, squares, and public buildings still only exist, we imagine, on paper; but it is now the centre of a considerable population.

"This is really," he writes, "a very lovely place, though of course we have the advantage of the first fresh brilliancy of summer to heighten its natural beauty; but the whole situation is well chosen and picturesque. The ground rises suddenly from the river on both banks, so that in the town the houses stand one above another; every one has a view, and indeed a view more or less panoramic, since abundance of space has given nearly every house a garden. The opposite bank of the stream is covered with pine forest, rising suddenly to about one hundred feet above the stream, and over this ridge from the higher parts of the town is seen the snowy range of Mount Baker, nearly seventy miles away to the south-east. Down the river to our right, about a mile distant, two fir-clad islands divide the stream into three great arms, and form a basin just above them fully two miles wide, across which we look over to the mountains of Vancouver; while up stream to our left the view is bounded by the mountains of the Cascade range,

thirty miles off, and still at midsummer largely covered with snow.

The capital town possesses the only stone Church in the colony; the Bishop is rather severe upon its architectural demerits, but these seem to admit of reform when money shall be forthcoming, and in the meantime there are—

"Daily even song, weekly and Saints' Day celebrations, as well as the usual Sunday services. They are all fairly well attended, hearty, and decorous, and certainly above the average of English country parishes. There is a Sunday-school attached to the Church, with an average attendance of about sixty scholars. . . . Sapperton is a village about one mile and a half from New Westminster, and quite distinct from it municipally and ecclesiastically. The Church Cemetery, the Llanatic Asylum, and penitentiary are all there, as well as the old Archbishop's House, as it is called, which I have declined to make my residence. It was built mostly with money borrowed from the Archbishop of Columbia Fund, and this money has never been repaid; and till £400 is forthcoming for the purpose of repayment the house will not be free nor the Bishop's tenure of it secure. Besides which, so dilapidated is its condition, that the estimate of necessary repairs amounts to £230, which comes rather heavily upon one at first starting. S. Mary's Church stands in the grounds of the Archbishop's House, and is a model of what all wooden churches might be and ought to be. It was designed and built by the sappers who came out on the original survey expedition under Colonel Moody. It was the 'fashionable church' of those days. Government House stood near; officials and the staff had their residences round about; an English tone pervaded the little society; and they took pride in the church they had built for themselves, and in its services. It consists simply of a nave and chancel lined throughout with cedar-wood in panels, with a well-designed and beautiful open roof."

A few days later the Bishop made a visit to Tenant, twelve miles down the river, and became acquainted with a "salmon cannery" belonging to two Cornish brothers, where a number of Chinese labourers were busy making 152,000 cans against the time of the August fishery in which the Indians

yearly engage. There is no Church, and the services once held occasionally have been suspended for three years. The Bishop announced an evening service in the public school—

"And it was very cheering and a little pathetic to see the people turning up as the hour approached by all manner of conveyances,—some by boat on the river, some by boat on the slough (branch of the main stream), some in waggon, some on horseback, and of course many on foot. . . . After the service we held a meeting. . . . I told them I thought they could raise £50 if they tried, and that if they did, I would undertake to provide an equal sum and find them a clergyman. I have since heard from them that £50 has been promised, and that more will probably be forthcoming; and that they are also prepared to undertake, by degrees, the erection of Church and parsonage, and they offer sites. There is a settlement ten miles off called Serpentine, which might be served from here, besides a well-disposed tribe of Indians."

On June 30th the Bishop visited those of his scattered flock located on the north arm of the Fraser and Burrard Inlet.

"We called first at a 'logging camp,' where we were hospitably entertained. About thirty men, all whites, are employed. The work consists of felling timber up in the forest, which, being stripped of its bark and sawn in lengths of about twenty-five feet, is dragged by mules or oxen down to a specially-constructed road to the river, where a number of logs are roped together in form of a raft, technically called a 'boom,' and towed away to a saw-mill. The road consists of logs laid crossways about three paces apart, called 'skids,' with smaller ones between to form what is termed 'bridging.' In the centre of the skids a hollow is scooped out, in which the log is dragged along, a boy preceding the team with a can of oil to keep the way greased. This oil presents irresistible attractions to bears, who watch the passage of a team, and then reach themselves on what the fission has left of the savoury delicacy. The oil is extracted from a fish called the Colachan, which abounds in these waters at certain seasons, and is of such odorous character as to burn like a candle after being dried in the sun. . . . We had a congregation of nearly fifty in all, but only a

The correspondent of a colonial paper, describing a visit to the Railway works, mentions some incidents during the Bishop's two weeks' stay:—

"A few days ago we drove to the engineers' camp, about five miles from here. The drive was beyond description beautiful—huge mountains on all sides, and the river foaming below. The wagon-road runs high above the river. One

is thankful to have a steady horse and careful driver; for a shy or a severe on the part of the horse, and we should be sent hundreds of feet down into the river, running in places at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The water is now fifty feet above what it is sometimes, and in the cañons (gorges) it rises a hundred feet during the freshets. The windings of the road are such that at times there seems to be no outlet, but mountains in front and around; and in some places the mountain quite overhangs the road. The air was heavy with the scent of meadow-sweet and syringa, and the ferns were quite beyond description. . . . At the engineers' camp, at the special request of the employees, the Bishop of New Westminster held a service, at which every one was present. . . . I attended an Indian service this afternoon, at which representatives of two tribes were present. It was a curious sight; some of the women were in fashionable dresses, others almost in rags. The first prayer was sung beautifully—it was like monks chanting a Latin psalm; but the hymns were pitched too high, and were dreadful. The Bishop of New Westminster preached; and one gentleman interpreted to the Yale Indians, while another translated for the edification of the Spuzzum Indians, whose language is quite different. It was very amusing to see the Bishop gestulating and pointing, and then to hear one interpreter in a deep voice repeating the sentences in the Yale tongue, dropping his voice at the end of each sentence; while the other, in highly-falsetto tones and elevating his voice as he proceeded gave it in the Spuzzum tongue. The offertory was 7½ dollars from the Yale Indians alone; the Spuzzum Indians did not know there would be a collection, and said they would bring their offerings next time."

Travelling is seen, from these extracts, to be rough work even in summer, and in winter the hardships of a Missionary's life are neither light nor few. British Columbia lies for the most part between the 49th and

small proportion are Church people. . . . I propose relieving Mr. Baskett of the duty at S. Mary's, Sapperton, and giving him charge of this district along with Burrard Inlet. They might then have more frequent Sunday services, and at least one regularly in every week, and pastoral visitation as well."

In July the Bishop visited Yale, the scene of the Rev. J. B. Good's earnest labours. The railway works have brought a large increase of population, which has risen to about 2000, including Chinese labourers; and an excellent layman has for the last twelve months given valuable assistance in the Mission work. Writing on June 30th, Mr. Good anticipates with some anxiety the probable doubling of these numbers, whose railway work will carry them all along the district inhabited by the Thompson River tribes.

"Contact, therefore, close and constant, between the railway employees and our Indian converts, must inevitably ensue, and it is for us to see that this intercourse and communication be as little harmful as possible to our weak brethren, who look to us for protection and moral support in all their troubles and discouragements. I am above measure thankful to report that, thus far, the conduct of our Indian congregation, whether as it affects their temporal or spiritual concerns, has been marked by great steadfastness and patient continuance in well-doing. . . . The white congregation at Yale has increased so of late, that our Church will have to be enlarged to twice its present size to accommodate the crowds flocking to the house of prayer. Lately, too, all the saloons have been compelled to close all Sunday, which will prove of great service to us, and remove a great source of temptation to Sunday desertion out of our reach. The Indian Church is equally well attended, and I am much cheered by the attention they bestow on the things that belong unto their peace. There are also many quiet inquiring Christians, who have only to be carefully shepherded to induce them to 'wait on our ministry.' Bishop Sillice will arrive at Yale this week. . . . I shall take advantage of his stay to go myself on a hundred-miles pastoral journey—as far as where the Buonaparte empties into the Thompson—spending one Sunday in the neighbourhood of Cache Creek, and the next at Lytton."

55th degrees of latitude—equal, therefore, with our own counties of Wigtown and Kirkcudbright, with Cumberland, and the north of Ireland; but on so vast and mountainous a continent the winters commonly exceed ours in severity, and the comforts of life are few. The Rev. G. Ditcham, Missionary at Chilliwhack, a prosperous agricultural district, writing on April 11th, says:—

"Church services in my district have not been very agreeable during the winter, owing to the extreme cold and our having no stove to warm the Church; but I am happy to say I have had services either at Chilliwhack or Ferny Combe.

The river was frozen over for three months; and so thick was the ice, that a band of cattle, 70 head, was driven

over on its way to Victoria. In Yale the snow was six feet deep. Three feet have melted, and three remain. Even last Sunday, April 4th, it snowed hard all day here. I walked fifteen miles through it to take service in the evening at Ferny Combe."

In spite of the severe climate, the land well repays the farmer's toil. At one farm where the Bishop stayed, the owner can boast of his cauliflower weighing 22 lb., and of onion crops 24 tons to the acre. May the faithful sowers of the Word in forest-camp and scattered homestead, by Indian watches or busy white men's settlements, be upheld in their arduous labour, and gather in a rich harvest of redeemed and wandering souls!

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Rev. J. B. Good, on November 6th, writes as follows:—

"DEAR EDITOR,--I want all the kind friends who subscribed to the purchase and sending out of the set of Communion Vessels for the use of the S. Paul's Mission Church, Lytton, to know that the same were solemnly dedicated to Almighty God on St. Luke's Day last, by the Bishop of the Diocese (New Westminster) on his first visit to our work there; and they were used for the celebration of early Communion immediately after they had been thus set apart for their

sacred purpose, at which a number of our more devout native Communicants were present, to whom the Bishop and I administered the most comfortable Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Jesus. We explained to them how great a proof such a gift must be of the love and care that Christians have one for another, that so many so far away, and unknown to them in the flesh, should have made such an offering, and sent it with so many earnest prayers in behalf of those for whose service and edification these vessels of the sanctuary had been consigned to our care."

A VISITATION TOUR IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

We have received some notes of a visitation tour, made by the Bishop of New Westminster in British Columbia during the past autumn. The journey extended over 800 miles, and occupied forty-eight days.

The party started from New Westminster for Hope by steamer on September 8, and from Hope nearly the whole of the journey was made overland. The Bishop and his companions, accompanied by some Indian guides, had to carry provisions and bedding with them for the greater part of the distance. On many nights the party had to sleep on beds made of small twigs of cedar or fir, in the preparation of which the Indians are adepts. If skilfully laid, these form a very easy, springy bed, but woe betide the unfortunate traveller who tries to sleep on a brush bed not made on scientific principles!

Some strange sights, suggestive of the mingling of civilisation with barbarism, met the eyes of the travellers. One morning, for instance, after a week of—except for their own company—solitude or Indians, they met an English lady riding apparently alone on the road. She was returning

over the mountain with a gentleman living at the foot of Okanagan Lake, who was engaged in stock-raising, and who was riding a little distance behind her, driving a herd of cattle. Him they met about half an hour afterwards, with 100 head of cattle and several Indians helping to drive them. Soon afterwards they arrived at the Semilkameen River, which the horses waded, there being no bridge, and on the farther bank stood a log hut, where a solitary individual lives all summer time, his only companions being a cat, and some hens and chickens. He offered the Bishop and party the hospitality of a lunch of bread and cheese and milk, which, after being without it for some days, they considered a great luxury.

On September 16 they arrived at the house of Mr. Haynes, the collector of Customs and Judge at Osoyoos Lake, where they stayed five days. The forty-mile parallel, the boundary line, runs through the lake. The Sunday service was held on the veranda of the house, the small congregation being gathered from both sides of the lake. The soil about Osoyoos, though apparently very barren, will

yield, with irrigation, almost anything. The finest melons and tomatoes ripen in the open air. Potatoes, weighing 3 and 3½ lb., and garden turnips measuring 25 and 27 inches round, were produced, grown on soil that had no manure but irrigation only.

The next stage was to Pentlagon, another solitary farm, a distance of forty miles, the trail passing by a string of lakes, each one seemingly more beautiful than the last, and the scenery all around being lovely beyond description. After spending Sunday here, and holding two services, the Bishop with his party proceeded along the lakes to the residence of another farmer, who, but for his wife and eight children, had no soul living within forty miles of him. From here, after the Bishop had baptised the four youngest children, who had only twice before seen white people other than their own family, the party rowed themselves across to the other side of the lake, to a settlement called Mission Valley, where there had been a Roman Catholic Mission for the last twenty years. Landing at dusk, they nearly lost themselves, seeing no sign of habitation, and taking two or three false trails, till at last they heard the friendly bark of a dog, and eventually arrived at a farm-house, where they found a half-breed man living, who offered to direct them to the house they were in search of, belonging to the only white family in the settlement. Here they received much kindness, the people, French and German, refusing to accept any payment for board and lodging, and lending them vehicles to drive to their next halting-place, thirty-eight miles farther on. The road led through the most beautiful scenery, along the shores of Okanagan Lake, and several smaller lakes, bearing the names of Duck, Long, and Railroad lakes. The Bishop held two services on Sunday in a barn. A small *contraband* occurred during afternoon service, in the shape of a hen who, having laid an egg, flew up on to some hay in the barn to announce the fact; and so persistently and loudly that the Bishop could not proceed with his sermon till she had been turned out. Among other unbidden visitors at the same time were the little chipmunks, running

lightly and gracefully along the rafters—little animals in size between a rat and a mouse, but in appearance more like a squirrel, having long bushy tails.

On Monday, October 4, they left for the Spillimacheen Valley. The land here is excellent for wheat-growing, and settlements are numerous. On Tuesday morning they left Spillimacheen in the Lady Dufferin, and proceeded down the Spillimacheen River, through the Great and Little Shuswap Lakes into the South Thompson River, and so to Kamloops. The scenery was lovely, and the only drawback to the enjoyment of the party was hunger, for passengers by the boat were so few and far between that no provision had been made for the inner man. They, however, shared some bread and beef with the crew, and next morning stopped at a settler's house for breakfast. The captain waited while the Bishop baptised a child, and then they continued their voyage to Kamloops. Here they found themselves in the region of civilisation, for, besides houses, Kamloops can boast of an hotel, quite an extensive store, and a saw and a grist mill. A new steamer was being built there.

On October 8 they drove over to Grand Prairie, a small settlement consisting of four families, forty miles distant from Kamloops. The Bishop held a service in the evening, and returned on Saturday to Kamloops for the Sunday services, which had to be held in the Court-house. There was a large congregation of all denominations both morning and evening. The Bishop found the great cry wherever he had been was for a school. Everywhere there were large families growing up without education; a meeting was therefore arranged for Monday evening, to consider the possibility of starting a school in Kamloops. The Roman Catholics had just started a school there, and sent three of the sisters from the convent in New Westminster to take charge of it, but many parents naturally objected to sending their children to them. A good number attended the meeting, and the result was that it was decided to take a vacant house in Kamloops; and a gentleman present offered a new store

he was then building, rent-free for three years, for the schoolroom. The Bishop promised to help them, and to look out for a schoolmistress. This would supply a day-school; but a boarding-school was most needed, and for that purpose a dormitory would have to be added to the house. A committee was formed to see what they could do towards raising funds. Some difficulty was anticipated in this respect, as money was very scarce. The settlers all round are farmers, and hitherto there has been no market for their produce. There are many who have all the necessities of life in abundance, such as meat, eggs, vegetables, fruit, milk, flour; yet can hardly pay their grocer's bill. These people would give in "kind" for the education of their children, but until the railway is completed there will be a difficulty in raising the funds necessary for the school, or for what is wanted quite as much, a church and clergyman.

Two days after leaving Kamloops, they reached Ashcroft, where two English gentlemen lived with their wives and families. Everything about the place was thoroughly English, the two settlers even keeping a pack of foxhounds for hunting the coyotes. As they were preparing to leave in the morning their driver came up in a state of great excitement, saying that they could not get over the road that day, as there had been a great landslide, blocking up the river, and that telegrams had been sent down the road to prevent any vehicles coming along. They had heard a

1 It seems to us that the educational difficulty would be best dealt with for the present by such plans as were in vogue once upon a time in the early days of New England and other States of the Great Republic. In the charming pages of Washington Irving, and in some of Mrs Beecher Stowe's books, we make acquaintance with the schoolmaster who went the round of an immense district, living at free quarters for a month or two at a time in the various homesteads, and instructing all the children within reach—and adults, too, very often, in the long winter evenings—drawing no salary, but maintained as one of the family in each temporary abiding place. In Scotland, too, in times not so very long ago, payment in kind often solved the difficulty of security of tenure. Before school-boards had set down, within a mile of every one's door, imposing temples of learning, costing of walking three miles and back to school, each carrying a pot or a bit of coal for the master's fire; and school fees were often remitted or compounded for by the parents' agreeing to supply meat, cropping his garden, or by such services on their part as getting in his potatoes, milk, or other necessities, or attending to his household work. Such humble pedagogues did not make their fortunes, but they served their own generation by the will of God, and did something to diffuse "sweetness and light." —*Enron*.

would have to be crossed, and it was important, therefore, to get on at once. The road was along the course of the river, and mostly high above it, and the appearance of the dry river-bed was most extraordinary. In many places were Indians and whites, "rocking" for gold with the business-like air of people who were accustomed to be there every day of their lives! They reached the bridge, "Spencer's Bridge" (called on the map "Cook's Ferry") about dark, and got safely across. This was on Friday, and it was not till Sunday morning that the water began to come slowly down.

It did not burst the barrier, but gradually overflowed the top and ate it away. By Sunday the river came down in a roaring torrent, and raised the water in the Fraser 12 feet as far as 100 miles below.

They stayed at Lytton three days, inspecting the Indian Mission, which had its centre there. Two days more brought them to Yale, where the Bishop held a confirmation and opened the chancel of St. John's Church, and arrived back at New Westminster on Tuesday, October 26, having made a circuit since September 8 of just 800 miles.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

The friends of this Mission are not many in Scotland, but they have given some very substantial aid, and will like to see how warmly it is appreciated. The Rev. J. B. Good, writing on January 31st to the Editor of the MISSION CHRONICLE, desires

"To express our warmest thanks to all who have contributed towards the help both of my family and Mission. The S. Paul's Mission, Lytton, will now enter upon a new phase. The Indians having become civilised, prosperous, and more or less Christianised, now require special attention to be paid towards promoting amongst them a spirit of knowledge—in other words, institutions have to be founded and schools established for the education

and training of the rising generation. This can alone be accomplished by voluntary effort and Governmental aid. To this end the introduction of an associated band of helpers, who would work together for the advancement of both the secular and the spiritual welfare of our people, would, in my opinion, if wisely pursued, be the surest and most efficient means of accomplishing what is so much to be wished.

"If any kind friend would send me out a pocket medical case and a private portable Communion - service, they would confer a great favour. Assuring all our friends of our constant remembrance of them in our prayers, and entreating still their kindly consideration and aid, I am, &c.,

"J. B. Good."

take more luggage than is absolutely necessary.

The "Gem" did not get off as early as was expected, and it was nearly nine o'clock on Wednesday, 2d February, before she called for us at the Saponion Wharf. Our three dogs very much wished to accompany us. The day was fine, but the wind cold. The "Gem" is not a passenger-boat, and has therefore no proper accommodation for passengers; but two chairs were provided for us near the boiler, and the officers did all in their power to make us comfortable, whilst they were profuse in their apologies that the accommodation was no better. We had not long started before the tiller-ropes broke, and the boat swung in and threatened to go ashore. The accident was soon remedied, and we steamed on again. Towards one o'clock, feeling very hungry, we began to speculate on the probability of getting dinner, and as we could discover no place resembling either kitchen or dining-room, we considered our chances small. However, at one o'clock dinner was announced, and we followed our guide over bales and boxes of goods till we reached a small place partitioned off from the engine-room. It could not have exceeded six feet in width, and of this two feet, at least, was taken up by two bunks, in one of which a man slumbered peacefully. A long, narrow slab against the partition was our dining-table, and between that and the bunks there was scarcely room to slip in. The Bishop sat on a flour-barrel at the end of the table; and as the machinery was working close behind him, he had to be careful lest his coat-tails should be caught.

We thoroughly enjoyed our dinner, and soon left to make room for other hungry people, as only five could sit down at once, and there were several other passengers as well as the crew. As our chairs had been taken for the dining-room, I had to ensuecise myself on a big case, with a bale at my back, and so managed to make myself very comfortable; amused, also, at listening to our very loquacious fireman talking to the Bishop. He was an American, and spoke with great scorn of British Columbia farmers, saying they would stop the boat to send off

eleven eggs, and ask if the boat would wait whilst the hen laid another to make up the dozen! I give this only as a good story, not that I would have anything so libellous believed of our farmers. From all accounts they are doing very well now, and if there has been formerly lack of energy, it was for want of a market. We arrived at Chilliwhach about 6 p.m., and found Mr Baskett on the landing-place awaiting us. A sleigh was soon got ready to take us to Chilliwhach proper, about a mile from where we landed. The mail sleigh left for Yale at eleven the same night, but we had arranged to remain the whole of the next day at Chilliwhach. We spent most of the day on Thursday trudging about in the snow, visiting whites and Indians. At 7 p.m. there was service, at which the Bishop preached. The Chilliwhach Indians want a little "Church-house" of their own, and there was a great deal of talk as to where it should be built and about the cost. The Bishop has promised on his next visit to look at the site they propose.

Our driver wished to start at seven the next morning (Friday), but we objected so strongly that he consented to make it eight o'clock if we would be punctual. He it was, however, who kept us waiting, and it was 8.30 before we made a start. Our conveyance was a very primitive one—a long shallow box on runners, a plank laid across as a seat, and, for my comfort, to lean against, some hay behind. The day was very fine, not very cold, and sun shining brightly. The road, not being used except for a short time in winter when the river is closed by ice, is not kept in repair, and a nice shaking we had—scrunching over stones, through the rocky beds of streams, and over other almost impossible places. There are dips in the road as deep as a ditch, and into these the sleigh goes, standing up on the front end, and then on the back. We had to keep in as best we could, since there was nothing to hold on by. At one place one runner was on a rock and the other on the ground; the Bishop was on the lower side, and out he was thrown, with one foot only left in the sleigh; I followed help-

A WINTER'S JOURNEY IN NEW WESTMINSTER.

BY VIOLET SILLITOE.

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THE Bishop had been since Christmas wishing to go to Yale, as Mr Good was in Victoria with his family, and the place, therefore, was left without a Priest, Mr Blanchard being only in Deacon's orders. But the river being frozen, no steamboats were running. Now to travel the whole distance by road is costly, and occupies a great deal of time. He determined, therefore, to wait till the river should be open, at least as far as Chilliwhach, whence we might get on overland. At last, a thaw having set in, with almost incessant rain, which lasted for

nearly a week, the "Gem," one of the smallest of the steamers, arrived from above, where she had been for some time frozen in. George, our Indian, was sent into New Westminster, and late in the evening brought us word that the "Gem" would start next morning for Chilliwhach. It was not till after night-school, which lasts from 7.30 to 9, that we thus learnt for certain that we should be able to go. We had consequently not much time to make arrangements for our absence, or to pack up; but packing up is a simple process when one does not

lessly, and then came the hay. Happily, we were going very slowly, and the driver noticing us, pulled up. A yard further, we must have been deposited in the bed of a stream, which, although not deep, would have given us an unpleasant wetting.

Our driver told us there was one "bad" place, where the road goes round the face of "Murderers' Bar." A few nights before, he was driving some of the mail passengers, and, seeing they were quietly asleep, intended to drive round without waking them. One man, however, started up just as they were coming to the place, and seeing the character of the road, without a moment's hesitation rolled out at the back of the sleigh. It so happens that just at this part of the road there is no snow, but a smooth sheet of ice, with nothing to prevent the sleigh from slipping off the road down into the river below! The sleigh got round safely, but the efforts of the passenger to get round on foot seemed hopeless. So slippery was the ice that he could not even stand, and at last had to take off his boots and follow barefooted till he succeeded in reaching the sleigh. Our autumn trip had made us callous to such places, and we were driven safely to the Indian village of O'hland, and there stepped about an hour to rest the horses and get dinner, which was prepared for us by an Indian woman. There were not many people on the road, but we met one picturesque-looking Indian, with gun slung at his back, moccasins on his feet, snow-shoes in his hand, and surrounded by five dogs. We reached Hope about 6.30, the last part of our drive being in bright moonlight. We were tired, stiff, and very cold, but had thoroughly enjoyed our drive. "Dock" and "Boundary," our two steeds, were as pleased as we were to have reached the end of their day's journey.

The Bishop had arranged that a team should meet us on the other side of the river the following morning, Saturday, to take us on to Yale. At half-past ten Captain Eristol, the mail-guard, came to say that a canoe was waiting to take us across. We started on foot over the hard snow,

down the steep bank of the river, and were paddled across, about half a mile higher up, as far as there was open water, and then landed on the ice. The ice was so slippery and the wind so strong, that, had I been left to myself, I should have been reduced to take the same measures as the gentleman going round the Bluff. Happily there was no necessity for this, as Captain Eristol had provided a small hand-sleigh, on which the Bishop and I seated ourselves, and we were drawn, or rather the wind blew us, across the ice to the shore. The sleigh which awaited us was of the same description as that we had had the day before, only now it was nearly filled with goods, and we had nothing against which to rest our backs. Twice we had to get out when the sleigh went through streams, the bridges over which had been burnt. It was thought more than probable that if we remained in the sleigh we should be overturned into the water. The snow on this side the river was much deeper than on the other, and for about eight miles we could hardly advance beyond a walking pace. Nearer Yale there had been more traffic, and we progressed more rapidly. We found Mr. Whiteway and Mr. Blanchard at the door of the Mission-house to welcome us on our arrival, and very soon we felt ourselves quite at home again. Many Indians came to the Mission-house in the course of the afternoon and evening to see the Bishop.

The following day, Sunday, there was Holy Communion at 8 a.m. at S. John's Church. Matins and sermon at 11, also at S. John's. Afternoon service and sermon at the Indian chapel, where a good congregation of Yale and Spuzzan Indians were assembled, at 2.30; and Evensong and sermon at 7.30 at S. John's. The services at S. John's, both morning and evening, were crowded.

The Indian chapel requires a great deal to be done to it, both externally and internally. It must be terribly cold in winter to hold service in, as daylight may be seen between nearly all the boards. The altar cloth is very shabby. There is a common woollen fringe of a bright yellow colour round the pulpit and reading-

desk, which is very offensive to the eye. Altar-cloth and hangings for pulpit and reading-desk might be provided in England at a very trifling cost: here suitable material cannot be got, and material of any kind is very expensive. What I have said of the Yale Indian chapel applies also to every Indian church in the diocese, and to many of the churches for white settlers.

On Monday the Bishop was occupied the whole day arranging business matters and seeing people. On Tuesday morning we started again homewards—the morning fine and bright, though the east wind was very cold. During the night the thermometer had been as low as 10° Fahr. Thanks partly to the numerous wraps with which our sleigh was provided at Yale, we were warm enough; and the road being in better condition than it had been on Saturday, we managed our fifteen-mile drive comfortably. Soon after leaving Yale two deer crossed the road a few yards in front of us. At the river, after being again drawn over the ice in a hand-sleigh to the open water, we found the canoe awaiting us, and we were paddled across by two Indians. It was no easy matter to climb the steep slippery bank on the other side; but that accomplished, we soon reached the inn, where, as usual, we received a hearty welcome. The Bishop held a service in the church in the afternoon, and the singing was remarkably good, though there is no instrument. A sleigh had arrived for us from Chilliwach. The driver brought the pleasing intelligence that the road was much worse than when we came up, and that the sleigh had nearly shipped over the bluff into the river at a "murderers' Bar." He wished to start at seven o'clock, but, out of consideration for my feelings, consented to its being half an hour later. On Wednesday morning, therefore, at 7.30, we took our places in the sleigh; this time seated on the bottom, and without any hay for our backs. The bare boards seemed very hard, and every jolt shook one severely. The cold was intense, and we watched the sun rise first over one mountain, then over another, longing for it to reach and warm us too a little. We had

intended to get out and trust to our own legs going round the Bluff, thinking it safer, as one of our horses had lost a shoe; our driver, however, never stopped, thinking he could take us safely round. My heart seemed to stop beating as I felt the sleigh sliding, sliding, till the corner where I sat was off the road, overhanging the river. The elain, which forms a drag round one of the runners, turned the hindpart of the sleigh outwards. Happily the horses kept a firm hold on to the ice, and we were soon on safer ground. The road round the Bluff is not more than 15 feet above the level of the river, but it is directly below, and runs, as at all the bars, very swiftly. The road certainly was worse than when we came up; but on the whole, we felt little disposed to quarrel with our jolting.

We reached Chilliwach about four o'clock, and found the place in great excitement over a "social"—an entertainment somewhat of the character of a penny-reading—that was to take place that night, and at which I had promised to sing. I was very tired, and it was kindly arranged that both my songs should be in the second part, so that we might remain quietly in the hotel during the first half. Much to our relief, the "Gen" arrived that very evening. Ice had formed in the river during the last few cold nights to such an extent, that there had been grave doubts whether she would be able to get up. We embarked about nine o'clock on Thursday morning, and were soon on our way down the river. There was much floating ice, and for the protection of the boat rough planks had been nailed on to the bows. The ice, however, made short work of these. Then they tried lashing two trees at a sharp angle before the bows, but the ice soon cut the lashings through. At Langley there is a small loop of the river, into which the captain tried to go, to land the mails; but it was so blocked with ice that this was found to be impossible, and it was a difficult matter to get out again,—the screw grinding against the ice, and the boat making runs at it. It took a whole hour to get out where we had been but a few minutes getting in.

NEW WESTMINSTER.

Since the journey whose perils have been described at page 162, Bishop Sillitoe writes:—

"I have much cause to thank God and take courage. The experience of the last three months has convinced me that there is a deeply religious sentiment pervading every community in which the Church is at work, and which has but to be faithfully cultivated to bring forth a rich harvest of souls. Everywhere, without exception, I find Churchmen ready and in earnest; there is not a parish where there is not activity and evidence of growth. Not wholly without opposition and gain-saying; but we are glad that, for it is a test of reality, and we are not indifferent to the blessedness of being reproached for His Name. But even with the gain-sayers there is a willingness to hear, which gives us encouragement to hope that they may yet be convinced, by power

of Divine Grace and the manifestation of the truth in our consistent lives. God give us all grace to remember that we are to set forth His Word as much by our lives as by our doctrine.

"Oh, the opportunity which YALE just now affords: hundreds of men are now going up every week; souls to be saved; souls in jeopardy; for they have all once heard the Word but have refused it. And what can one man do, and he only a Deacon?"

"I propose being there all June and July, but we want few men, and then we might do something. There is not a fitter illustration in the whole mission field of the Lord's lament, 'The harvest truly is plentiful, but the labourers are few.' I sent home an appeal to the papers, which has probably by now appeared, and I pray the good Lord of the harvest to give it His blessing."

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BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Bishop of New Westminster's visitations throughout his Diocese are anything but dull to read about. "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in weariness and painfulness, accompanied always by his courageous wife, he goes upon his way, 'enduring hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.' We have been favoured with some extracts from Mrs Sillitoe's journal of last spring:—

"April 23.—We left Sapperton last Saturday, and the steamer landed us in Chilliwack the same afternoon. Mr Baskett was at the landing, and we were driven to the Parsonage by the chief farmer of the settlement. This same gentleman had kindly lent a very good American organ for the Sunday service, as the Church in Chilliwack does not yet possess an instrument. I had to officiate as organist, so I spent the evening in practising, while a lengthy committee meeting was being held in the Parsonage. The Sunday services were: Celebration at 8 a.m.; Morning Service, with Confirmation, at 10.30. At 3.30 there was a Baptism, and a Children's Service had been announced. As very few children appeared, but a good congregation of adults, the Bishop gave an address instead of preaching. At 6.30 there was the usual Evening Service with sermon. On Monday, St. Mark's Day, there was a celebration of Holy Communion, with an

address to the newly confirmed. In the evening there was a service at Cheam, four miles distant. The Bishop was very unwell, suffering greatly from his throat, and quite unfit for the work. It had been raining heavily all Sunday and Monday, and the roads were in such a state that it took us an hour and a half to drive the distance. In spite of all this, there was a very good congregation. Next day was fine and bright. You may like to picture us at our morning's occupation in the Parsonage. The Bishop is in the kitchen blacking boots; Mr Baskett also there, washing up the breakfast things; I sweeping out the dining-room and doing our bedroom. We were driven on Tuesday to a farm to inspect a cow that we were thinking of purchasing, but she proved too expensive. As we were returning, a lynx or panther ran across the road in front of us, and then doubled back again behind the wagon and into the woods. We unfortunately had no gun with us. In the evening, whilst we were taking part in an entertainment held at the school towards providing funds for completing the Parsonage, there was an alarm that the Parsonage itself was on fire. Off we rushed, splashing through the deep puddles in the school-yard, through a hole in the fence, only to find that it was a false alarm. On Wednesday we left in a canoe for Maple Ridge. The Bishop's throat was still so bad that we should have postponed our visit there, only that he had been obliged to disappoint them

on a former occasion, and was determined not to do so again. Captain Jen, an old Indian, and his wife Susan, were the paddlers. Their two small children had to accompany us, as they could not be left at home alone. There was a third paddle, which the Bishop and I took by turns, and we became quite skilful in handling it. We left Chilliwhack at 9 A.M., and did not reach Maple Ridge till 6 P.M., very tired, and cold and cramped. The cost of the canoe was six dollars (\$6.), so you see how expensive travelling is out here. We ran against a sing (a log, one end of which is fast in the river bottom, the other end slanting up out of the water); but our Indian woman was equal to the occasion. With bare feet she climbed on to the sing, pushed the canoe off, and then jumped, or rather crept back again. We had service on Thursday morning at Maple Ridge, and in the afternoon went about four miles up the river, landing on the other side, at Derby, to see a Church and Parsonage built there about twenty-one years ago, when that place was selected for the capital. I cannot say much for the architectural beauty of the Church, but it is in good repair. The boat we went in was of the very cranciest description, dug out of a log, and it leaked so much that the Bishop and I had to bale the whole time. I am not given to be nervous, but I own to having felt very thankful to be on dry land again. Immersion in the Fraser means almost certain death, even for the best swimmers, the water is so intensely cold, and the under-current very strong. Only a few days ago two young men going down the river, in changing places upset the boat; they managed to grasp hands across the capsize boat, and when the one relaxed his hold to strike out for the shore, but he must at once have been sucked into the under-current, for he was never seen again. The other man, after clinging to the boat for about three hours, was perceived by some Indians. As their canoe approached, he was just able to leave hold of the boat and seize the canoe with his teeth. It was three hours before he could be brought to.

"May 6.—We are off to-morrow for Tien-ant, staying there till Tuesday; the following Sunday we shall be at Burrard Inlet for the dedication of the new Church. The third Sunday in May we shall be at home, and on the last Sunday go down the North Arm. After that we go up the river, and shall be at Chilliwhack for a

Sunday, and then go on to Hope, where we intend to camp out under canvas for some time; thence on to Yale, where we shall be for the two last Sundays in June.

"May 15.—On Saturday, the 7th of May, we left by the steamer, taking our horse, "Punch," with us, and in about an hour reached Tien-ant. In the afternoon I rode "Punch," and the Bishop, Mr Bell's horse, to make a few visits. The corduroy roads are bad enough, but where not so made are still worse. It is not till May that people can ride at all without getting "mired." The Bishop's horse in one place refused to jump a ditch, and walked deliberately into the mud, into which he disappeared all but head and shoulders—the Bishop having only just time to roll off first. We got back at 8.30, tired with our long day—including a rough ride of fifteen miles. Next morning (Sunday) after 11 o'clock service at the school, the Bishop and Mr Bell rode to Madsby, fifteen miles distant, for afternoon service. I would not go, for lack of a third horse to ride. This was a very trying day for the Bishop—more so much from the length of the ride (twenty miles) as from the nature of the roads, making the riding very slow. The following day, Monday, I was able to borrow a horse, and we all three rode out to a small hill which it is wished to obtain as a cemetery, and then on to a granary (fish-curing establishment) farther down the river, returning to Tien-ant by water. On Tuesday afternoon we were to return home, and there being no particular business cut out for that day, we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of a quiet time till 2 o'clock, when the steamer would call. The Bishop had just sat down with his book and I with my work, when the lady in whose house we were staying rushed in to say the next horse was on fire. Off we flew, and found Mr Bell had just arrived before us. All three then set to work to extinguish the fire. There was only one male on the premises—an old man working in the garden. The owner of the house was absent at his quarry; his wife, with a three-year-old child, was naturally very much alarmed, being in delicate health. Mr Bell got through a trap-door between ceiling and roof, and the Bishop on a ladder outside. There was a difficulty in getting water, as the tide was out, and I had to cross a shore of soft mud. We managed to extinguish the fire before we came from the quarry; but for our being on the spot the house must have been burnt down."

NEW WESTMINSTER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A terrible mishap occurred at Hope, on the Fraser River, by the burning of a fine new steamer, the Elizabeth Irving, in which several of the clergy were returning from the Michaelmas Ordination. The following account is given by one of them:—

"I and the rest of the clergy of the diocese had been assembled at the Bishop's house at Supperton during Easter week and the ordination, which took place at the Cathedral on September 24th, and on St. Michael's Day five of us embarked at New Westminster, to return to our respective families, on the splendid new steamer Elizabeth Irving. She was making her second voyage from Victoria to Yale, and had been fitted up with all the latest improvements and inventions, including the electric light, at an immense cost. When within a stone's throw of the landing at Hope, fifteen miles below Yale, she was discovered to be on fire, some trusses of hay stowed on the deck amidships about the funnel being alight. In a moment the fire seized the upper works of the steamer, and she was burning from stem to stern. The heat and smoke were such that any attempt to extinguish the flames was hopeless. Not a moment was to be lost—we jumped for our lives. Two Indian women and two half-breed children were burnt to death. So rapidly did the flames spread that the steward, who had been the first person to discover the fire, and had rushed to the ladies' cabin at the stern, was unable to get back, and could only save his life by

jumping out of the cabin-window and swimming ashore. Mails, baggage, cargo, specie, and two cows and two horses were burnt, with no possibility of rescuing anything. One of the two horses belonged to Mr Blanchard, the newly-appointed surveyor-general of Cariboo, and was of considerable value. Three of the clergy had landed with their effects lower down the river, but we lost everything. If the fire had broken out when the steamer was in mid-stream, every one on board must have perished, as, in a very few minutes from the outbreak, the steamer was burning to the water's edge. New Westminster, and in the ice-cold waters of the Fraser the best swimmer has little chance of reaching land. The loss of our apparel, books, supplies, cassocks, &c., is very serious. Even if our stipends were sufficient, we could not possibly replace these things here. The Bishop of New Westminster and Mrs Sillitoe were provisionally detained for a few days at Supperton. They had made arrangements to go by this very steamer, and as they had to take part in a very gay wedding at Yale, they would have had with them all their most valuable personal effects."

Note.—Amongst the books lost by the shipwreck, which he had lent to some of his clergy, was 'Johnson's Canon,' a work of great necessity to him, and difficult to replace. Mr J. Pelly, of Yorkford, Suffolk, would be glad to hear of a copy, to be purchased at a moderate price.

DIOCESE OF NEW WESTMINSTER.

"On his way down from Kamloops, the Bishop paid a visit to an Indian farm on the south side of the Thompson river. The farm is in the occupation of a young man named Teetleneetsah, who although not chief of his tribe, certainly ought to be, if intellectual and industrial superiority were amongst the qualifications for the office. He speaks English remarkably well, and can write it a little. He is rapidly bringing his land under cultivation, and has recently built himself a house, which is certainly superior to many in which white men are content to live. A boat had been provided to convey the Bishop and Mrs Sillitoe across the river, and a salute of an uncertain number of guns saluted them on landing. Teetleneetsah and his wife, who were married by the Bishop at Lytton last year, conducted them with much ceremony to the house, and chairs of state, covered with bears' skins, were provided for them at the end of a large room, Teetleneetsah occupying a place by the Bishop's side, and his wife by the side of Mrs Sillitoe, while the opposite extremity of the room was occupied by about forty Indians of the neighbourhood, with their chief prominently in front. The room was gaily decked with evergreens, much in the way we are accustomed to do at home at Christmas; and on the walls were some pictures of no mean order—one a life-sized portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, another a representation of Balmoral Castle, besides which there were one or two sketches by the hand of Teetleneetsah himself. After the usual compliments, the chief informed the Bishop that the next building to be erected was a 'church-house,' which they hoped to have ready for use this winter, and they would be glad of a flag and a bell. The Bishop promised to supply these, and then gave a short address, complimenting the Indians generally, and Teetleneetsah in particular, on their progress and industry, which, if persevered in, would, he said, enable them in the future to take a position second to none in any useful and profitable pursuit."

suit. A short service concluded the meeting."—*New Westminster Churchman's Gazette*.

The following letter has just been received by the Bishop from the Indians on the Thompson river, whom he visited in the autumn, an account of which visit appeared in the *Churchman's Gazette* for December:—

"89 MILE RANCHO, THOMPSON RIVER,
Jan. 18, 1882.

"To Bishop and Mrs SILLITOE,
New Westminster.

"We received some time ago the flag and the bell sent us, for which please accept our sincere thanks. Mr Campbell, of 89 Mile Stables, read to us also the piece that you put in the *'Gazette'* regarding our tribe. We cannot thank you enough for the praises we received, and we will always try to do right towards the white people, and will be most happy to receive another visit from yourself and Mrs Sillitoe when you will come again on your tour to the mainland. We just commenced to put up the *'Church-house,'* and we are sawing lumber ourselves—two of us sawing lumber, one and a team hauling from the woods, and two more Indians cutting it down—and all Indians living here are in company putting it up. We had a big meeting on Christmas Eve in Teetleneetsah's house, praying to Jesus Christ, and Teetleneetsah reading to us all he could. We do not forget Sundays; we are holding services every Sunday. We did not forget, either, the good advice received from you.

"Simichulta wishes to be remembered regarding what you sent him, and says every time he sees it he remembers you. Also Mrs Teetleneetsah thanks Mrs Sillitoe for the work-basket sent her. We would write to you long time ago, but we were trying to get hold of something in the shape of fur—a fox-skin, silver-grey—but after many hunts all we could get of any account at all was what we send you along with this letter. It

stock is doing very well out on the mountains.—We remain, your obedient servants,

"X SIMICHULTA'S MARK."

"JOHN TEETLENEETSAH (signed)."

"X DICK BLINDHOUSE'S MARK."

"Yours very respectfully,
"JOHN CAMPBELL."

"N.B.—The above note is from Simichulta, chief; Teetleneetsah, second chief; and Dick Blindhouse, and all worded as they propose."

sent by Simichulta the chief, and Teetleneetsah, second chief, and will sent themselves happy if you will accept it as a small gift, and we are very sorry we could not get anything better; and we will be expecting your answer to this short note as soon as convenient, and also your advice.

"The chief Simichulta's youngest daughter is very sick, and two other young lads of our tribe are not keeping well at all for some time back. We are having good winter up here—the mildest for years as yet; our

THROUGH BRITISH COLUMBIA

By THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP SILLITOE.

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We never should have started had we listened to the gloomy vaticinations of anxious friends. They painted the perils of the road in most ghastly colours, and ransacked the pages of history (an unwritten history at present, and existing only in the memories of the "oldest inhabitants") for illustrations of the dire results of amateur coaching on the wagon-road. All kindly meant, no doubt, but scarcely helpful or to the point. For the point was to get to Cariboo, or rather, Cariboo was the point to get to; and except we could drive ourselves, the point was unattainable.

In the first place, the public stage travels day and night, and makes but few stoppages, and would give us no opportunities of making the acquaintance of people on the road, which was an important part of our purpose; and, in the second place, the stage charges would be £15 apiece each way, and this was altogether beyond our means. So having already one horse, and what is here called a "luckhound," we decided to buy a second horse and drive ourselves, rather than give up the journey.

It does not take long to buy a horse in this country, and having had our eye on a particular one for some time past, an exchange of proprietorship

and £12 made our "team" complete. On August 12th all was ready for a start from Yale, and with many words of caution from the Rev. J. B. C., and a farewell almost as sorrowful as an Ephesian elder's, we set out on our drive of 400 miles.

There are few things more dull than a diary; and I will therefore spare you the infliction of days and hours, further than clearness makes necessary, and aim rather at a connected narrative, broken chiefly by Sundays, and, otherwise, only as interest shall seem to warrant.

The first 57 miles of our journey lay through the Fraser Cañon, a narrow gorge in the Cascade Mountains, through which the river has at some time forced a passage by some power which it seems but a weak expression to call supernatural. Here is a river 500 miles from its source, without reckoning its windings, contracted between sheer rocky walls that approach each other in some places within 50 yards — its depth unknown, for so impetuous is the current, that the heaviest plummet is carried furiously away before it can reach the bottom; and this at the lowest stage of water; while in June and July, when the winter snows are melting, there is in some parts of this cañon a vertical

increase of water to the extent of 90 feet. It is scarcely conceivable that salmon can make head against this torrent dashing along at 18 and 20 miles an hour, with long stretches where the straight walls offer no opportunity for an eddying resting-place. And yet in every little cddy they were to be seen in such marvellous numbers, that I am almost afraid to speak of them lest I should be accused of romancing. There was positively not room enough for them: they jostled one another out of the water; in fact, there was more fish than water. Supposing a tub were filled with salmon, and then as much water poured in as there was room for, this would give you an idea of the appearance of the eddies as we saw them during the whole course of our first day's drive. Perhaps even a more striking illustration still of the extraordinary abundance of the fish, is afforded by the fact that the Indians were selling them to the canneries for one halfpenny each!

We get them even cheaper than that! For there is a cannery within a hundred yards of our house at Septon, from the proprietor of which we have *carte blanche* to send for a salmon when we want one—a privilege we have not been slow to avail ourselves of; only, unfortunately, we are away from home during the best of the season; and up-country, at roadside houses, though there is the same abundance and the same cheapness, and you get salmon at breakfast, salmon at dinner, and salmon at supper, *your* season in fact, yet the ordinary arrangements have the Chinese stamp too rudely impressed upon them, and one never sees a boiled fish. As one good turn deserves another, let me recommend our cannery friends and their "Dominion brand" of salmon, whose trade-mark is a flag of many colours and devices, from the British lion to a thistle, but from which the salmon is eminently absent to mark, I suppose, our friends' abhorrence of the Land League! This is not a mere "put" for the aesthetic Mission-helper to turn up his nose at, but written in all seriousness. It is an object to draw attention to our industries, which are at present very insufficiently known; and our pushing American

consuls hold almost a monopoly of the canned-salmon trade, while we lose further by the confusion existing in the public mind between British Columbia and the Columbia River—few being aware that the latter, through all the important parts of its course, is an American stream, and all Columbia River salmon is canned by American firms, and whatever sale it enjoys in England is to the detriment of this British colony, and in some measure and degree of the Church in this colony. However, these digressions, if as I hope, they are interesting and allowable, do not help us along towards Cariboo.

If the character of the river is extraordinary, equally so is that of the road itself, and, to people with nerves, equally terrible too. There are places here and there where the river is lost sight of and the road passes safely enough through woods which form a perfectly secure barrier on either side; but for the most part the cañon is so narrow and the cliffs so precipitous, that the road had to be cut out of the rock, and in some places the rock is not only beneath one's feet and on one side, but overhead as well; and on the other side the Fraser, sometimes so near that in high-water he overflows the road, sometimes 400 or 500 feet below. Here and there, bluffs formed by spurs of the mountain have proved impassable by excavation, and there the road is built out from the face of the cliff and supported by struts. There are two such places between Yale and Lytton, China Bluff and Jacka Mountain; and after driving four times over them last year, I don't mind acknowledging that nothing could induce me to do it again but the call of duty. The risk is too great to run except of necessity. Not that these particular places are the most dangerous, for one may just as well fall 500 feet as 50, but the danger is more obvious—it is pressed rather too forcibly on one's attention; and suspended conversation, a moment's introspection, a quick glance over horse and harness and wheels, and a "taking fresh hold" generally of things inward and outward, teach one, with a force often wanting in sermons, that "there

is but a step" between life and death. The width of the road is eighteen feet—amplly enough (it might be supposed) to drive upon, and perfectly secure if it were across a plain. Just as a plank is wide enough to walk upon when it lies upon the ground; but elevate the plank some 90 feet above the ground and flank it with a wall, and it takes a Blondin to traverse it successfully. And so this eighteen-foot road, with a precipice on the one hand and an abyss on the other, seems to dwindle to a ribbon under the most favourable aspect; and it becomes something very little short of appalling when one comes face to face with ten yoke of oxen and a pair of freight-wagons. By the rule of the road the heaviest team always takes the inside; and the oxen, therefore, invariably go to the wall. The light team looks anxiously for a lucky spot where nature or accident may have added a few inches to the width, and there pulling up, awaits the *recommence*. The dangers of the road teach men consideration, and in all their travelling up and down we could name but one instance of anything but the most uniform courtesy and goodwill.

An amusing circumstance which occurred on one of the first days of our drive, illustrates the primitive character of the administration of justice in the country districts of the province. We had passed without stopping a farm-house where a number of people were assembled, and had driven on, perhaps half a mile, when a shout behind us drew our attention to an Indian furiously galloping in our wake. We pulled up and allowed him to overtake us, and he handed me a scrap of paper on which was written, "Have you got a Bible with you?" My acquaintance with Chinook is still in its infancy, and though not a complicated language, its intelligibility is not increased by the gasping utterance of a man out of breath with hard riding; and I utterly failed to elicit from the messenger any explanation of the purpose of his mission. However, the fact that a Bible was in requisition was sufficient reason for turning back; and, fortunately, we

had been overtaken at a portion of the road where turning back was not an impossibility. Arrived at the farm-house, we found a court sitting, and a magistrate bearing a complaint of assault! The magistrate is a teamster. He had come along of his morning in the course of one of his journeys, not expecting to be called upon to exercise his judicial functions, and was unprovided with the legal instrument for administering oaths. The farm-house being equally unproductive, the course of justice seemed likely to be arrested, when lo! a *Deus ex machina*! A Bishop surely must have a Bible with him! But since the "machine" was whirling away the "deus" at the rate of eight miles an hour, it was necessary to send post-haste after him, and there was no time for more than the brief message we received. We soon had our "pack" unstrapped, and produced the book, and when the witnesses had been sworn, left the court sitting and went our way.

Magistrates are not always so particular as this as to the character of the volume used on such occasions. There is a tradition that the book long used in one of the courts of this province was a copy of "Guiliver's Travels," and that the mistake was only discovered by a Jew, who, a little fastidious about kissing the New Testament, opened the volume that he might get at the right end, and naturally objected to swear on it at all.

The second day out from Yale we reached Lytton, the dreariest, dullest, and driest place in the country. A great scarcity of water prevails, and there is consequently but little cultivation. Five days out of six a strong wind prevails, and the sand gets into one's eyes, and into one's throat, and down one's neck, and plays havoc with one's temper; and since the hotels are the worst managed houses on the road, one has comfort neither indoors nor out. Nevertheless we are obliged to spend a Sunday there on the Indians' account.

We had Matins and a Celebration in the Court House for the white people at 9 o'clock, and service in the Indian Church at 11. The native catechist said prayers in the Indian

tongue, and then I celebrated Holy Communion, administering to twenty men and eight women, as deymot a body of communicants as I ever ministered to. I could not preach, however, for want of an interpreter, the catechist not being yet competent for the office.

We drove on in the afternoon 17 miles to where there is a cluster of houses occupied by the C.P.R. engineers and their families, where we had Eyensong and I preached.

We had now left the valley of the Fraser, and were following the Thompson.

(To be continued.)

with lower fees was started directly after ours, to which both boys and girls go, and are taught together. Now, our fees are lowered, and parents finding their children have real instruction and no over-doses of religious teaching, we are doing better. We have one boarder, 18 day-scholars, and 5 outsiders, for music and singing. The girls learn, besides English, Latin and French,—the Bishop, besides religious instruction, charging himself with Euclid and Algebra; Mrs Sillitoe kindly gives singing and German lessons. Ages of pupils are from 5 to 18, so you may fancy it is no play-work. Not a single book on Scripture can be had in Canada: for all such we send to England. All classes in the town send us their children; we do not oblige them to learn extras. Furnishing in the simplest possible manner, and other expenses, have made Columbia College draw largely on the never-too-large Mission Fund.

The population of the mainland is very small; many are comfortably off; very few have more than that, so I am afraid it will be some years before, if ever, the College is self-supporting. We hope new settlers will come, and so help us.

Mining, farming, canning salmon, and lumber are the staple occupations. The unavoidable Chinaman still comes, and though people keep on grumbling, I do not know what they would do without them.

Climate is very good: in this lower country we have more rain than at home, but not so much fog; in the upper country the mountain air is very bracing. We see snow-capped mountains all the year round, and no one can fail to be delighted with the scenery. I have purposely wandered, in writing of my especial work, but my life is so uneventful that writing of it solely would be tedious. I shall be glad to tell our Scottish friends of our future work, and in return ask them to think of, pay for us, and help us.

ROSE KENDALL.

We are glad to hear that the S.P.C.K. is about to consider a proposal of making a grant of £500 to Columbia College towards the purchase of four town lots, and the ere-

tion thereon of a suitable residence for mistress and boarders. The entire cost will be about £1100. Another important educational work has been begun this year, meeting a want which has become terribly pressing, and which has never yet been dealt with. There is in the colony a large number of half-breed children, the offspring of connections formed by white men with Indian women. Wherever a rush of population has come, attracted by the gold-fever or by openings for trade, indelible traces remain in the corruption of the poor headmen, victims to the white man's fire-water and to his base betrayal and desertion of their helplessness. The unhappy children born of such unions occupy a sort of outcast position, growing up in ignorance and too often in vice, and hitherto no special effort has been attempted in their behalf. But in April last a lady of great experience went out at her own cost, under the escort of the Rev. D. H. W. Horlock and his wife, to establish at Yale an industrial school for the children of betrayed and forsaken Indian mothers. Miss Davidson has freely given herself and her means to the rescue of these wretched souls, and pursues her noble work under circumstances of no common difficulty. To her, no doubt, as well as to Miss Kendall, gifts of books, pictures, school material of every kind, will be most acceptable, for such things are not to be had out there even if there were the money to buy them. The railway which is in course of construction across the continent will do much to put a considerable extent of the diocese *en rapport* with the rest of the world; but even when completed, it will leave vast districts comparatively unaffected. The Rev. C. Blanchard, of Cariboo, once an important gold-digging region, but now "worked out," says that the line is 250 miles from him. Some gold-seeking still goes on, but it is not the absorbing passion of former days; the scattered population is occupied with the development of other sources of wealth, and Church work seems hopeless among them.—

"We have many things to do yet," says Mr Blanchard, "for the improve-

CHURCH WORK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY THE LADY-PRINCIPAL OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

Twenty years or so ago, New Westminster was only a geographical expression; even now very few people in England know much about it, but we hope ere many years are gone the state of things may be reversed. After long depression, things are looking up again, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway being fixed for Port Moody, about six miles from here.

Lots, which twelve or fifteen years ago were sold for next to nothing have multiplied over and over again their former value. New Westminster is beautifully situated on a slope, running down to the Fraser, about 14 miles from its mouth. Its enemies call it Stump City, and from its surroundings it deserves its name. It has wood and water all round it, and at this present moment a fierce fire is raging in the forests; one man has lost about £500 in wood cut down ready to be felled away. The Royal City has about 28,000 inhabitants—2600 white, 1000 Indians. All the necessities of life and many of the luxuries can be bought, but at a very different rate from home. A dollar is equivalent to a shilling. Meat and fish are cheap. Beef is 16 cents a lb., mutton is more. In the season, a small salmon can be bought for a bit (bit)

ment of our services. Our organ is borrowed, but we hope to raise funds for its purchase so soon as we have provided a Church-bell. If your friends would supply us with material for altar-cloths, we have several ladies of our congregation well qualified to work them, and they would be pleased to undertake the work. The people here are quite ready to help themselves. We intend having a bazaar here every summer to provide funds for what may be needed for our Church work. If friends in England would supply us with such fancy articles as could come out without great expense, they would sell for three times the English value, and would be a great acquisition to the purchasers for embellishing their small log-cabins."

While thanking some friends for sending him interesting Church papers and magazines, Mr. Blanchard says he could give the names of many persons living alone in this out-of-the-way region who would be truly glad to receive similar gifts of wholesome reading. (Addresses of some such can be supplied by the Editor.)

Readers of this magazine probably remember accounts which have appeared in former numbers, of the very fruitful labours carried on for many years among the Indians of the Thompson River. Some months ago a depuration from a northern tribe, to whom the Gospel has never yet been preached,

waited on the Bishop, beseeching him to send them a teacher and they would build him a "church house." Alas! the straitened means at his command admitted of but one reply: "I cannot; I could find men, but I have no money to provide them with the more necessities of life." A lady in England, grieved, as well she may be, at the inability to comply with such a request, which wrung the Bishop's heart, has offered to give £50 per annum for five years if £50 more can be raised from other sources. Will no one do likewise? The inhabitants both of New Westminster diocese and of Vancouver Island were looking forward eagerly this year to the visit of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. The interest they will doubtless show in all work for the glory of God and the good of men will probably stimulate others in a beneficial way. Two other visitors have lately been at New Westminster whose presence and influence it may be hoped, will leave a lasting impression. A Mission took place at Yale in the end of July among the workmen on the railway, conducted by two members of the Cowley Evangelist Society, and we hope in a future number to give some account of their visit, of which, as yet, no details have reached us.

THROUGH BRITISH COLUMBIA.

(Continued.)

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THE Thompson River is chiefly interesting from a Missionary point of view, from the fact that it is the central field of our Indian Church work. From a few miles above Yale to Lytton, and thence branching off in two directions up the Fraser and Thompson rivers to Lillooet and Kamloops respectively, one language prevails, called commonly "Thompson," but more correctly "Nehalemuk." Into this language the greater part of the Prayer-Book has been translated, and printed through the instrumentality of the S.P.C.K. During fifteen years these people have been under instruction, so far as one Missionary could cover so large a district. Churches exist in many of the villages, and a kind of service is held regularly in them by the chiefs and head-men of the tribes, although they can do no more than repeat *memoriter*, what they have learned at the mouth of the Missionary; no opportunities having been afforded them either by the State or by the Church of secular instruction. That they are capable of this is proved by the fact that here and there are found individuals who, by their own endeavours, have learned both to read and write; and a remarkable instance of this is found in the case of a young man—John Teetlecutetan by name, who lives on the Thompson a few miles above Spence's Lytton, who has built himself a house more comfortable than many in which white men live, and who frequently waits me letters on the subject of his farm, and about Church matters in his neigh-

bourhood. I think he would make a very useful man as deacon, without relinquishing his secular work, and without any thought of proceeding to Priest's Orders.

The Mission has been in charge of the Rev. J. T. Good, who has just resigned it; and I hope an endeavour will be made now, if the necessary funds are forthcoming, to establish a new departure, and provide these Indians with what alone they want to lift them up far above the civilization they have already attained to—simple but efficient secular instruction. This is all, however, by the way. We are on the road to Cariboo, and must get forward.

Two days' journey from the Thompson River brings us to Clinton, a busy little town almost in the centre of the province, with two hotels, a large store, a school, and a court-house, at an elevation of 3000 feet above the sea, and with a climate so bracing and dry, that the inhabitants enjoy a perfect immunity from all those varieties of domestic insect life which sometimes seriously embitter existence on a lower level.

Here we were the honoured guests of F. W. Foster, Esq., an Englishman, who has employed his necessarily many leisure hours in the acquirement of a very extensive knowledge of the geology and mineralogy of his neighbourhood,—a knowledge which will be most valuable to the country. They have never had a resident clergyman or minister of any kind in Clinton, but depend for religious ser-